

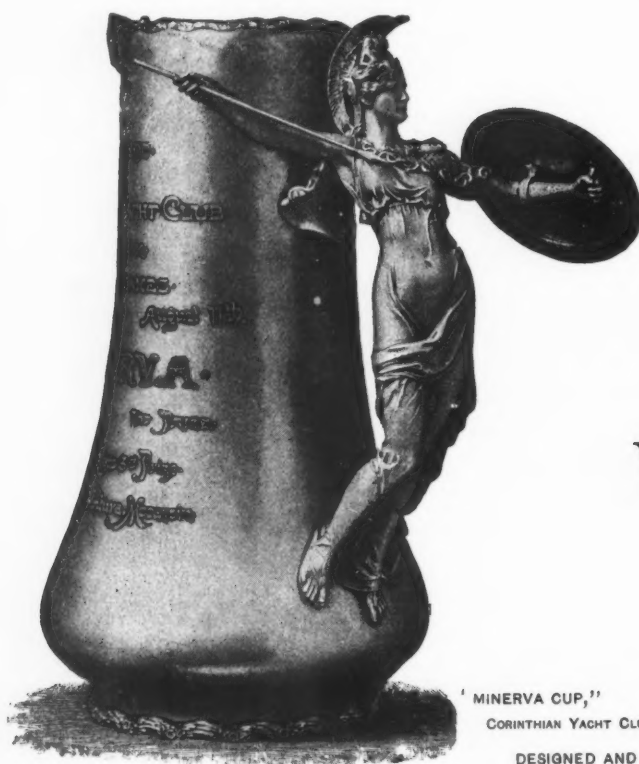
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A PUBLIC-SPIRITED PRACTITIONER.

"DOCTOR, THEY TELL ME YOU ARE ATTENDING THAT YOUNG MAN NEXT DOOR FREE OF CHARGE."

"YES, AND GLAD TO DO IT. HE'S BEEN PRACTICING ON A SNARE DRUM FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS, AND NOW I HAVE A CHANCE TO PUT AN END TO THE NUISANCE."



'MINERVA CUP,'
CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB.

DESIGNED AND MADE BY WHITING M'F'G CO.

Solid Silver

Exclusively.



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NEW YORK.

**E. A. Morrison
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Announce that they keep a very
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Toilet Articles

comprising a rich assortment of
English and French

Hair Brushes

and **Mirrors,**

with Ivory, Wood and Gold and
Silver-plated backs

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London and **Nail Brushes,**

**Real Shell and Buffalo
Horn Dressing Combs.**

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Furnished and Unfurnished,

At Moderate Prices.

HILTON, HUGHES & CO.,

Successors to A. T. STEWART & CO.

Simply Select Your Bargains---You Cannot Miss!

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RUFFLED MUSLIN CURTAINS.

Plain 1.95 pr. Figured 2.50 pr.

MADRAS CURTAINS (handsome colors),

4.35 pr., regular price 6.50

(Cream dotted)

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Furniture Slip Covers.

Fine Cotton Damask—

9.00 and 12.00 for set of 5 or 7 p'ces

Window Awnings.

full size, hung complete 3.50 each.

Window, Shades, Bedding, re-upholstering
furniture are our specialties. All work done
on the premises.

LACE CURTAINS Cleaned 70 cts. pr.

(refinished equal to new.)

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Spring Display of high grade novel-
ties, including

**AXMINSTERS,
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VELVETS, . . 75c. and up

BRUSSELS, . . 85c. and up

WILTONS, . . \$1.50 and up

ORIENTAL CARPETS AND RUGS

AND

JAPANESE DANTSU RUGS,

AT PRICES WAY UNDER VALUE.

If you want a

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We have the Best,
the Cheapest,
the Handsomest.

THE ENTIRE BLOCK,

Broadway, 4th Ave., 9th and 10th Sts.

**Stern
Bros**

are exhibiting

select and exclusive designs
in

Parasols

from the best Foreign

and American manufacturers

Among which are

Extreme Novelties

For Coaching, Street

And Carriage use:

Also for

Bridal Gifts

including

Ribbon and Duchesse Lace

Parasols

with choice mountings

West 23d St



ONLY A WASTE OF TIME.

Tom: YOU HAVEN'T BEEN AROUND TO SEE MISS REDBUD LATELY, HAVE YOU?

Gus: NO. I'VE BEEN VACCINATED, AND WHAT'S THE USE OF CALLING ON SUCH A GIRL AS THAT WITH ONE ARM DISABLED.

IN THIRTY-FIRST STREET.



THOSE who hoped to get to Europe this spring and were compelled to defer it—for financial or other reasons—would do well to spend a few moments in contemplation of the façade of LIFE'S new home. As an educator, as a sudden and vigorous uplifter of the æsthetic sense, no trip to Europe can compare with it.

Those final touches which, in a very few days, will render it the most artistic monument in the city, are not yet completed, but even now it is sufficiently dazzling to quicken the circulation of the intelligent observer.

It is but a short walk from Fifth Avenue to Broadway, along Thirty-first Street, and for those who have a tendency to a spring-time lassitude or depression of spirits, we earnestly commend it as an active tonic. For invalids and those of delicate nerves it might, perhaps, be safer to take it gradually than to wait for its final completion. The sudden shock from the effulgence of such unwonted beauty, and in such a blinding mass, might have a disastrous effect upon an over-sensitive organization.



A QUICK LUNCH.



"While there's Life there's Hops."

VOL. XXIII.

MAY 3, 1894.

No. 592.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year, extra. Single copies, 10 cents. Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



IT is hard to surmise where the imaginative young literary adventurer whose star brings him to New York is going to lodge now that the University Building is forever closed. That austere and comparatively venerable structure had an atmosphere to it, not one that appealed especially to the olfactories, but one that did appeal to the intellectuals. Things worth doing were known to have been done in that building; other things of a worthiness somewhat less certain were very strongly suspected of being done there. It was not very much of a place for smug and oily comfort, but marketable verse was sometimes written there. The law's delay had been outlived there; hope long, long deferred, had been sheltered there; the "longing passion unfulfilled" had burnt slowly out there, and the new shoot has started in its ashes.

There are so few buildings in New York to which any shred of romance or sentiment can cling, that it is a pity to lose even one of them. The old University Building, inadequate as it was, has been the nearest thing New York has had to what London has in The Temple.



ONCE more jocund May takes her turn at the bat and prepares to knock long flies to the people who own the summer resorts. Once more the heart of the newspaper publisher is made glad by the rush of summer suggestions into his advertising pages. The natural advice to give people who are about to leave town for the summer is *Punch's* "Don't!" But it is not practical advice, for families have not the choice to go or stay, they *must* go, and the nearest they come to having a voice in the matter is the possession of a veto power which permits them to resolve that, anyway, they won't go where they went last year. Very likely they will live to wish they had, for besides the

propensity of untried drawbacks to prove less tolerable than familiar ones, there is a certain amount of thrift about going back to last year's place and getting the benefit of last year's experience. If we go there we can begin where we left off, but a new place we must learn from the start, which is not only troublesome but expensive. Of course there are people who will say that if they must open an oyster they would sooner open a fresh one, but that proves nothing except their perversity.

* * *

EVERYONE is sorry that a firm in which Mark Twain is a partner has had to employ an assignee. The feeling is that an assignee usually eats up the profits of any business he takes hold of, and anxiety is felt lest the expense of the one whom Mark Twain's firm has hired should reduce Mark to something like short commons, or even compel him to do something for a living. That would never do at all. The understanding about Mark these many years has been that, being rich beyond the dreams of avarice, he has not done anything that could be called work, but has simply sat around and smoked cigars, with a stenographer within hail to take down an idea if one happened to strike him. That ideas so collected have straggled between the covers of books and brought in large annual sums to their originator has been the rest of the popular impression. It would be a grievous thing to have so pleasant an apparition of literary ease in any way impaired. All the other American writers who have been used to point with pride to Mark as a living witness that there are prizes in the literary lottery, would grieve sorely to have him admit that he, too, is the sport of destiny, and not so conclusively golden as he has been portrayed. They will prefer to believe as *LIFE* does, that Mark has coveted a complete business experience as a thing useful to him in his profession, and to that end has felt able to afford even so costly an appurtenance as an assignee.

* * *



THE competition of the Astor family in literature is getting to be serious. Mr. Waldorf Astor, after writing a novel which is said to have possessed merit, went to England and became the owner of two newspapers and a magazine. Signs of a disposition to follow his


example appear in the recent publication of a scientific romance by his cousin, John Jacob. If this sort of thing is to become epidemic in the Astor family, *LIFE* will not hesitate to advise the professional story-tellers to meet the competition by banding together and undertaking the business of owning corner lots.

COXEY'S ARMY.



BOOKSHININESS

A LITTLE PLEA FOR BARBARISM.



OF all the morbid novels that are now being written and read there is not a single one coming from the group of brilliant Scotchmen who make fiction. That is why you may read "The Raiders," by S. R. Crockett, with confidence that you will not think worse of your race when you have finished it. It is like a strong, fresh breeze from the heathery hills, with the bracing touch of salt water clinging to it. There is a deal of blood and fighting in it—and you can almost take it as an axiom that the more pious the origin of a Scotch writer the more gore will you find in his novels. It is probable that the long chapters from the Old Testament committed to memory in boyhood, give their minds a turn toward fighting and conflict. And then, too, there is atavism to account for it—the reappearance in the third or fourth generation of the old ways, when the clans hunted each other like hounds and only the strong men survived. It was very brutal no doubt, but, physiologically speaking, it was a good way to rid a whole race of weaklings.

A very good argument could be made by any man (not a Scotchman), to prove that there is nothing elevating in literature which devotes itself to the brutal struggles of strong men with each other; that a prize fight is a prize fight, whether it is described by Robert Louis Stevenson or the *New York World*. There is no doubt a touch of barbarism in it, but, oh man, it stirs your blood in the right way. After you have read the fight on the Brig of Dee in "The Raiders," you'll have no stomach for "The Yellow Aster" or "Ships that Pass in the Night." Between barbarism and a jaundiced soul, the sane man will choose barbarism every time.

* * *

ALL of which does not admit, for an instant, that "The Raiders" is barbaric. It is really very elevated in sentiment and motive. The love of the *Laird of Rathen* and *May Mischief* is poetic, and strong as well. The steadfastness of *Silver Sand* is real heroism. And so throughout the book, the sentiments and motives are vigorous and full of health. It is easy to trace the literary ancestry of the book. The author himself has frankly paid homage to Stevenson. A clever man recently said that "The Raiders" was the offspring of *Alan Breck* and *Lorna Doone*, which surely indicates its salient qualities. At the same time it

sets the standard of judgment very high, and the story falls short in some particulars. For one thing, the tale often flounders around in pages of wordy descriptions which lead to nothing. It is a series of episodes very loosely strung together, and the sequence is not inevitable.

The archaisms have something to do with this effect. Not only is it Scotch, and Galloway Scotch at that, but it is the language of the early part of the eighteenth century. The author has evidently spared no pains to be correct in his dialect. He must be credited with a considerable intellectual accomplishment, but the reader who is not a philologist will long for less of the archaic and more good English.

But with it all one's fancy is refreshed by reading the story, and there is a touch of color left in one's memory that was never there before.

Droch.

NEW BOOKS.

A GRAY EYE OR SO. By Frank Frankfort Moore. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Christina Chard. By Mrs. Campbell-Praed. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Religion of a Literary Man. By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A Short History of the Renaissance in Italy. From the Works of John Addington Symonds. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Our Dick. By Willard Brown Harrington. San Francisco: C. G. Murdock and Company.

WHAT A MAN WANTS TO MARRY.



MISS ELLA STARR recently discoursed before the Professional Woman's League, the subject being: "Do Men Care for Erudition in Women?" Miss Starr said that the idea was suggested to her by reading a few lines written by Herbert Spencer: "Men care little for erudition in women, but very much for physical beauty, good nature and sound common sense. How many conquests does the blue-stocking make through her extensive knowledge of history? What man ever fell in love with a woman because she understood Italian? Rosy cheeks, laughing eyes, and a finely

rounded figure are far greater attractions."

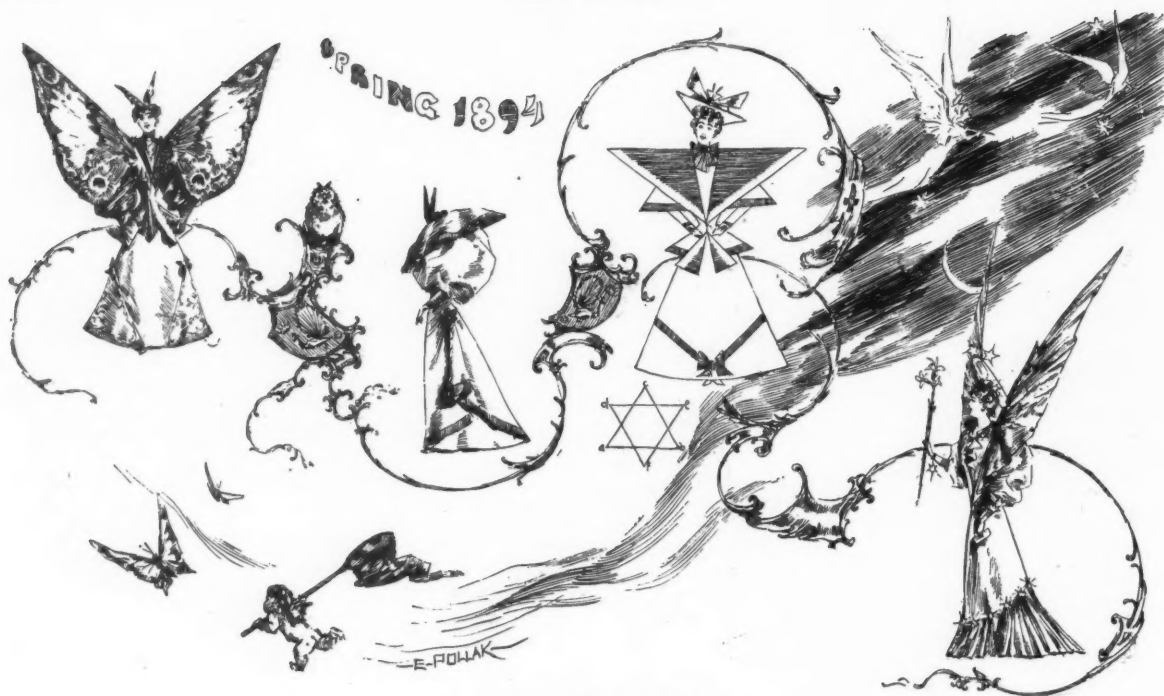
The answers Miss Starr says she received to questions put to her own countrymen on this subject are interesting. She found that only two out of eight—and these were all bachelors—wanted intelligence in preference to other qualities. One didn't care for beauty, but the young woman's "clothes must fit;" one wanted a clever woman to talk to, but didn't care so much to marry her. Another didn't care to marry a woman who murdered English, neither did he desire her to be able to translate Greek. A newspaper man, when questioned, was considerably excited, and replied: "Beauty is a great factor, but she must have intelligence and must not nag."

LIFE is glad to note that the opinion of those present was that man cares for erudition in woman less than for any other quality. He has already pointed this out more than once.



AT FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

"THAT'S AN UNCOMMONLY PRETTY GIRL OVER THERE POURING TEA."
"YES, SHE IS ONE OF THE REIGNING BELLES THIS SEASON."
"AH! THESE BELLES NEVER REIGN BUT THEY POUR."



A DRESSMAKER'S DREAM.

REMINISCENCES of a GRIPMAN

MONDAY. This has been a great day for me. Yesterday was my day off and I felt down in the mouth at going to work this morning. The first thing I struck on the down trip was an old woman. She dropped her umbrella and market-basket and the whole cross-walk was covered with a salad of whalebone, cauliflower and turnips. In front of Delmonico's I took the back-breadth off a dude's trousers, and at Fourteenth Street run over a thorough-bred Gordon setter. If it had been an Irish setter I wouldn't have done it. I'm the stuff, I am.



TUESDAY. I felt nervous and jerky to-day, and I suppose this feeling communicated itself to the people who rode on my car. At least I saw two or three hundred of them, after their hats and bonnets had been smashed to pieces, look at me as though they didn't like me.

WEDNESDAY. There's only one thing on earth that's better than I am. That's the driver of a beer wagon. He's my peer because he's half drunk all the time and I'm only a fiend. A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind and I

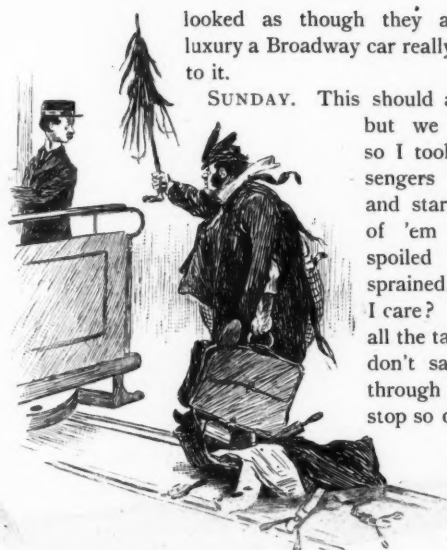
dislike to smash into a brewery truck; but I had to do it to-day. My friend was more sodden than usual, and besides taking the hind wheels off of coupés and broughams, refused to get off the track. Therefore I tightened the grip and smashed into him. He fell off the seat and was clubbed to death by a policeman; but it only served him right for not getting out of the way of ME!

THURSDAY. Who the dickens is this man Grant, anyway? I heard a fellow that I put off the front platform say I thought I was a bigger man than old Grant. He couldn't mean Mayor Grant, because everybody knows he ain't a big man. If ever I see that fellow Grant in front of my car I'll let go the grip and see if he knows how to sprint.

FRIDAY. Felt a little bit blue to-day, so I didn't do anything but go by everybody that wanted to get on the car. Got to the stable every trip ahead of time, and the Superintendent told me I was the best gripman on the line, and I'd get a raise every month if I kept on that way.

SATURDAY. Last night went to a ball given by the Gripmen's Homicidal Association, of which I am vice-president. Made all my stops to-day in the middle of the block instead of on the cross-walks, so as to give people a chance to walk through the mud and slush. They





looked as though they appreciated what a luxury a Broadway car really was when they got to it.

SUNDAY. This should a' been my day off, but we had to do extra, so I took it out of the passengers by stopping short and starting sudden. Most of 'em gets their clothes spoiled and their ankles sprained, but what d'ell do I care? The conductor gets all the talk and the company don't say nothin' if I get through on time and don't stop so often for passengers as to increase the wear and tear on the cable.

Metcalf.

THE INEVITABLE.

THE following silly items appeared in a New York daily last week. There are many such items in the course of a week and they generally contain the same familiar names; and while the names themselves are honest and respectable, in time they pall:

Mrs. W. Seward Webb, in white satin, with her corsage plentifully sprinkled with diamond ornaments, had as her guest in her box Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Jr., who looked remarkably handsome in a pompadour brocade; Mrs. Burke-Roche, in pale-blue satin, trimmed with point lace, sat in a box with Mrs. L. Z. Leiter, who was in black velvet trimmed with point lace, wearing a coronet of diamonds, and Miss Leiter, in a rather effective gown of white satin, flecked with silver and ornamented with some lace. Mrs. Henry Clews, in a pretty gown of blue satin and lace, occupied her box with her daughter, Miss Elsie Clews, who was in rose-pink satin and chiffon. Perry Belmont's box held Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies, who was attired in pale-blue brocade, trimmed with silver and lace, and Mrs. Karrick Riggs, in a handsome gown of pink brocade and point lace. Mrs. Paran Stevens, in a rich gown of mauve brocade, and wearing some handsome pearl and diamond ornaments, had as her guests in her box Mrs. I. Townsend Burden, in white satin, made with huge sleeves of turquoise blue velvet; Miss Evelyn Burden, in black crêpe, trimmed with forget-me-not blue ribbons, and Mrs. William Post, who looked handsome in a gown of pale-blue satin, trimmed with point lace.

If these well-meaning but misguided ladies should get up circulars containing this information and distribute them privately among their friends it would be silly enough. But would it not be in better taste than having the same foolish information constantly printed for the public eye?

BRIDE OF A YEAR (*weeping*): You used to say I was sweet enough to eat.

GROOM OF THE SAME PERIOD: Yes, and I wish to Heaven I had eaten you.

WASTED.

I TOOK her to the play one night,
It cost me dollars four;
And then I found, to my delight,
She'd been there twice before.

A DROPPED LETTER.

NEW YORRICK, AMERIKY.

Mein Tear Brudder:

Come to dis guntry. Come kewick. All you haf to do is to zay you no bromise to vork for anypody, und day lets you in. You is receivet wid open arms. Day feet you und glothe you und make you so gomfortable as you neffer was. You neffer haf to vork here oexcept to march now and den wid dose unemployed. Id vas grant. Zell out unt bring all de volks.

Your brudder,

J. VONOWSKI.

STILL ON THE WING.

"BRIDGET, how are those clothes getting along that you put on the roof to-day?" said a young Harlem housekeeper to the maid of all work, on a recent windy day. "Whin I last looked, ma'am," replied Bridget, "sure an' they hadn't reached the Brooklyn Bridge yet."

NOT MUCH.

COXEYITE: No; I don't work. The world owes me a living.

INDUSTRIAN: Yes; but you'll get left if you expect others to collect it for you.



IN DOUBT.

"LIZZIE, YOU'RE A WOMAN O' THE WORLD AND WHAT I'M A ASKIN' YOU IS IN STRICK CONFERENCE O' COURSE. JIM, THERE, HAS OFFERT ME HIS HAND. (*In a hoarse whisper*) DO YOU THINK A WOMAN COULD BE HAPPY WITH A MAN WITH LEGS LIKE HIS'N?"





IN PARIS.

SOME STREET WALK TYPES.



"YES, this is LIFE."
"I'm Coxey."

"Oh, you are. Aren't you ashamed to confess it?"

"No, sir. My noble army of —"

"Rats!"

"No, sir; not rats, but unemployed American citizens."

"Unemployed bums. But why are they unemployed?"

"Because they can't get work."

"Did any of them ever try?"

"I couldn't swear to it. These noble industrians ground down by the iron heel of capitalistic monopoly —"

"Say, General, will you please descend from your perch long enough to inform LIFE whether the iron heel of capitalistic monopoly hurts the noble indus-trian any more than the iron fist of the monopolistic labor unions?"

"They do, sir. The unions have elevated the condition of the workingmen."

"That's true—of some workingmen. They enable those who belong to the unions to get four dollars a day when they're not striking to avenge somebody else's wrongs. But how about the others—those who don't know a trade, and are not permitted to learn one because the unions, while they are trying to whip other folks's monopolies with boycotts and mob rule, are hanging with a firm grip their own monopoly of the chances to earn a livelihood?"

"What's all that got to do with my noble army?"

"Nothing. But you've assembled your tramps and secured the supplies which you are credited with selling for your own advantage on the plea that the workingman is in a desperate and unemployed condition, owing to the extortions of a capitalistic, monopolistic government."

"That's true."

"Perhaps it is. But LIFE understands that you have a comfortable place out West somewhere, where you breed horses to your own financial betterment. Perhaps you have opportunities to employ labor in the construction of your buildings?"

"I have."

"Do you ever find a plumber, or a painter, or a plasterer, who, even if you pay full union wages, is willing to do a day's work for a day's pay? Don't they scamp, and soldier, and slouch, and destroy, and make life a burden for the man who pays the bills?"

"Sometimes."

"And if you object, don't you find that they are quite ready to tell you to go to sheol, and, if you are too insistent, ready to strike at a moment's notice? And are they not quite willing to leave you with an unprotected job on your hands and sit around idle, armed with clubs and half bricks, ready to kill any unemployed workingman who is willing to help you out of your trouble?"

"I have seen such things."

"You have been making a lot of noise about unemployed labor. Do you think that even in these alleged 'hard times,' any workingman who is willing to work the best he knows how for himself, his family, and his employer, need be idle?"

"So long as the Government issues interest-bearing bonds."

"Tush, tush, Coxey, don't talk balderdash. If what you say about your 'industrial' army is true, why don't you march it around where there's a strike and let your 'workingmen' do the work their pampered and monopolistic brethren refuse to do."

"This is a great moral movement. My army is going to Washington to secure work for all the unemployed of America."

"Nonsense. Nobody works in Washington—except with their mouths. You'd better take LIFE's advice."

"I don't want LIFE's advice."

"That being the case, dear Coxey, we'll ask you one question and then stop. Honestly, now, would you rather be a bigger knave than you look, or look a bigger knave than you are?"

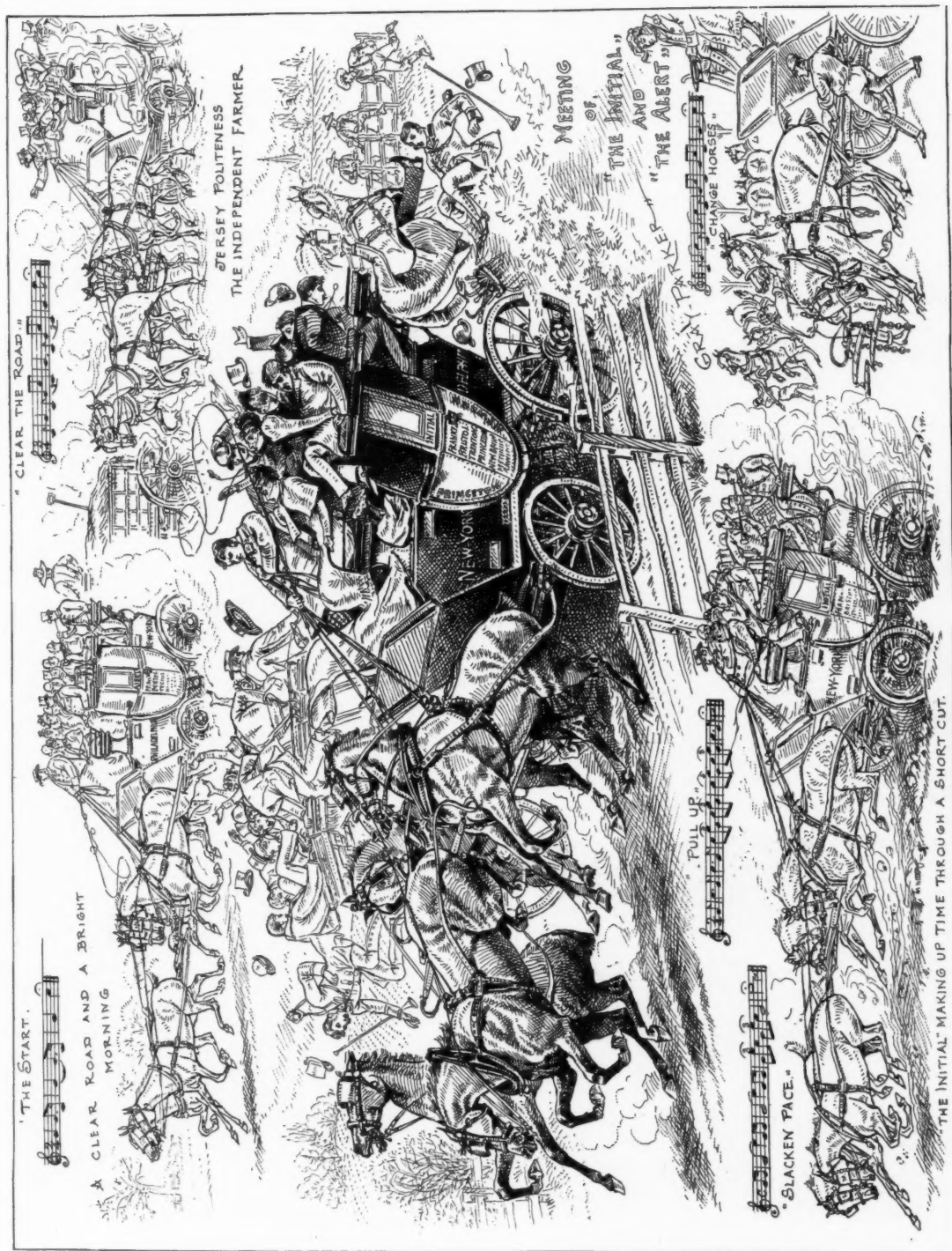
(We are sorry to say that General Coxey's reply to this last question burned a hole in the diaphragm of LIFE's telephone receiver and is therefore lost to our readers.)

J. S. M.



Little Girl: YOU BAD CAT, WHERE'S MY BIRD?

Cat: OH, HE'S JUST GONE INSIDE.



LONG DISTANCE COACHING—NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND VICE VERSA.



THE absent-minded man is at it again. He had been reading the egg story, and decided to try the trick. The first thing to do was to boil the egg. How many minutes? he asked himself, and going to the stove with the egg in one hand and his watch in the other, he dropped the latter in the hot water. Then placing the egg on the table, he sat down to read till the time was up. At the end of five or six minutes he was surprised to find the egg lying there before him, but supposing that he had himself taken it from the kettle and cooled it, he proceeded to crack and peel it. The consequence may be imagined. Finally he missed his watch. The house was searched high and low, and it was not till the following morning that the cook found it in the kettle, where it had been boiling for hours.—*Exchange*.

The wind was blowing a gale and the rain was pattering against the window panes at the home of a prominent Camden physician. The clock had just tolled the hour past midnight, when the physician was aroused by the ringing of the door bell. He jumped out of bed, put on his dressing gown, went to the window, raised the sash, and saw a man muffled to the ears standing on his front steps. He asked:

"What do you want at this late hour?"
"I am Mr. Carr," was the answer.
"Well, go home. I am not responsible if you did miss a car. Why did you stay out so late?"

The window went down with a bang, and the doctor went back to bed.—*Philadelphia Press*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C. 4, England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

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SKIN and SCALP
Odors from Perspiration
Speedy Relief by Using

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Tar Soap

"It Soothes while it Cleanses."
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Yet it carries the same liberal guarantee as heavier wheels. It represents the minimum of weight and maximum of strength. It is very durable and rigid, and is the most powerful wheel for road work and hill climbing. It is not a cheap wheel. Its only cheapness is its price. It is the best wheel made—but it costs only \$125. You have heard such claims before, but have you ever seen them in practical form? "Seeing is believing." In this case "seeing is buying," and buying is economy. The best way to escape the trials of a cheap wheel is to never buy one. Remember, it is not a question whether you can afford to buy a **WARWICK**; it is whether you can afford not to buy it.

25-Pounder Catalogue free. For \$125

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